

pick me up at 7 by milfbyers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Therapy, and burger king

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-20

Updated: 2021-03-20

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:36:10

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 784

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Hopper picks up Joyce for a "date"

pick me up at 7

Author's Note:

au where enzoes doesn't fucking exist. with that being said, this takes place maybe between s2 and s3? i don't know.

Joyce was standing outside on the porch when Hopper pulled into her driveway. He knew she would be waiting. She always was every Wednesday at 11:45 when he picked her up for their appointments. Her coat was pulled tight around her body, a desperate attempt for a little more warmth from the snow that was catching in her hair and melting against her clothes.

She put her cigarette out with the toe of her shoe and walked across the yard to his truck. "Hey." She gave him a small smile, the one she always saved for Wednesday's. He smiled back and reached forward to turn the heat up. "Cold?" Hopper asked. He was desperate to take her mind off of whatever it was attached to today.

"A little." Joyce answered, staring out the window. It almost looked as if she were turned around in her seat, an eye on the house until it was out of her line of sight. In case something happened, she would be the first to know, the first to make it home in time to save her boys.

He knew it was her least favorite day of the week. And he also knew she was running low on her prescription. Hopper noticed the Friday before when he came over with El who carried in two large cheese pizzas and he carried a bottle of red.

"Running low?" He asked, shaking what was left around in the bottle. He remembered her hair was pulled up that day, little pieces framed her face and she was lost in the pile of mail that she was going through at the kitchen table. Joyce barely even looked up but nodded. "Yeah, I have to go sometime before Wednesday." And Hopper left it at that.

But, now he wished he had brought it up. He knew there was no way

she had any left and she definitely hadn't taken any this morning. "Did you get a chance to stop by the pharmacy?" His voice was gentle, he was treading lightly. She jumped at the sound of his voice, unprepared for being pulled back into the present moment.

Her brow furrowed, confused as to what he was asking about until it dawned on her and she rubbed her eyes. "Fuck," She sighed, a heavy one that made her shoulders shake. "I knew I was forgetting something."

Hopper nodded, "We can stop on the way to take you home." She turned to face him but this time with a brighter smile on her face. "Thanks, Hop." The smile was gone as quickly as it appeared but Hopper was pleased with the fact that she didn't turn back to the window. Instead, Joyce leaned forward and turned up the radio.

Five minutes later she was humming along.

Joyce took a sip of her Coke and stole the paper bag from Hopper's lap to put her trash away. They both had finished their appointments over an hour ago and Joyce had a white bag leaning against her leg that held two refills of her prescription this time instead of just one. In case she forgot again.

The two were now parked in the Burger King parking lot. It had become a tradition after therapy (or as Joyce refers to them to anyone who isn't Hopper or her kids, "doctor's appointments") to both order the exact same thing and eat together until Hopper started the truck and drove her home.

"Want to split a milkshake?" Hopper asked. "We deserve a little dessert this week." Joyce laughed and shook her head, "You and I both know there is no "splitting". You'll finish the whole thing."

Hopper feigned shock and put a hand over his heart, "Ouch, you're worse than El." She smiled, the same bright one from earlier and leaned back into her seat. "No, I'm not. She's much more mean to

you than I am.” She winked, “Maybe I’ll have her teach me a few things.”

He raised an eyebrow and put the paper bag on the floor between them. “On that note, I think it’s time to get you home before you can convince yourself that’s a good idea.” Joyce laughed again.

“Same time next week?” She asked and took a sip of her drink again. Hopper nodded, “Hopefully next week, it won’t be so damn cold.”

As if on cue, Joyce pulled her coat closer to her body. She turned the radio back up and grabbed the pack of cigarettes from her pocket, "Wanna share the last one?" Hopper smiled and handed her his lighter from his own coat pocket. "You know I do."

This time it was Hopper's turn to sing along to the radio.

Author's Note:

the only person i write j*pper for is anya.